

CHRISTMAS PAST

Romana swept back her long blonde locks, brushed down the sharp pleats of her red plaid skirt, straightened her tam o'shanter, and looked the Doctor in the eye. Poker is such a demanding game, she thought. And once you've bluffed, you have to go on. 'Raise?' she ventured.

'You've nothing left to bet,' said the Doctor, looking from the royal flush in his hand to the pile of miscellaneous currency sitting next to the half-eaten yule log on the table. Coins from fifty worlds, a small heap of Salernian drubo beads, and a handful of the circuitry which, on Christmas Day 2086, officially replaced quartz as legal tender on the planet Maximoralos.

Romana checked her sporran one last time. 'You're right. I have, so to speak, bet my bottom dollar.' The Doctor tactfully ignored the absence of American dollars from the pile and smiled. Triumphant, he prepared to lay his cards on the table when Romana continued: 'But I can still bet my bottom.'

'Come again?' said the Doctor.

'Now, Doctor, you know exactly what I mean. If I win, I take the stake.' She looked him in the eye again and pushed a hairbrush onto the pile. 'And if I lose, I get a good spanking.'

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Nyssa gulped as she felt the Doctor's strong hands grip her by the shoulders. She knew it would have to come to this, but the actual moment wasn't any the less nervewracking.

She felt herself topple off balance as the Doctor turned her facedown over his lap. He raised his open hand, then brought it smacking downwards. Nyssa's round, velvet bottom vibrated with the impact. She let out a sharp yell. For the next few minutes, the room was loud with her cries and busy with the flurry of her kicking legs, while the Doctor spanked on, steady and rhythmical as a metronome. Finally the sound of slaps came to an end, and Nyssa found herself set on her feet.

Her hands flew behind her to rub her bottom, while the Doctor scolded. 'Never, never let me catch you trying to reprogram the TARDIS operating system again!' he said, turned on his heel, and left Nyssa alone with her thoughts.

As soon as the door was closed, Nyssa stopped rubbing herself. Her pout faded and a broad smile broke out across her face. 'They work!' she beamed.

CHRISTMAS YET-TO-COME

'I've locked Christmas dinner in the conditionality safe, Doctor,'

chirruped Mel.

'You did WHAT?' screamed the Doctor, who had been thinking contentedly of roast turkey.

'Locked it in the safe. The new one, remember?' The Doctor remembered only too well. He'd designed it with a lock that would only open after a designated event, and it had just been invaluable in keeping the TARDIS blueprints out of the hands of the Thoroids. And now it contained his Christmas feast!

Mel went on, 'I've set it to open after you've taken some exercise!'

'WHAT?'

'You're putting on weight, Doctor.'

'Putting on weight? Weight? WEIGHT? It's Christmas. Everyone puts on weight at Christmas!'

'That's afterwards. You need to shed some pounds now, or you won't enjoy it.'

'I've been looking forward to that meal all week,' said the Doctor sullenly.

'Well, the exercise bike is still in the console room' persisted Mel. 'Or you could just go for a nice run in the TARDIS corridors. It's the only way to get at that dinner now... for either of us!'

'You interfering, meddlesome ... NAUGHTY girl,' fumed the Doctor.

'Well,' said Mel, 'if you can catch me, you can spank me.' And off she sprinted into the depths of the TARDIS.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

'Nyssa, you're not trying to tell me you've invented spankproof panties?' Tegan clapped her hands with glee.

'I suppose I am, yes,' said Nyssa. 'The microfibers in the fabric are powered by the kinetic force of...'

'Never mind the technical stuff. You know it's over my head. The important thing is, do they work?'

'In theory, the harder he spansks, the more protection you get. But they're only a prototype experimental model. There's still a lot of development and testing to do.'

'I'd like to help with that,' said Tegan confidently.

'But Tegan, it's new technology. I still know very little about its properties.'

'Which is what the testing's for, right?'

'But you do realize what would happen if the equipment failed at a crucial moment?'

'I'd get my rump roasted,' laughed Tegan. Nyssa wondered how seriously she was taking the prospect, and tried a different approach.

'Tegan, you do realize how important it is that the Doctor doesn't suspect. You'll have to give a performance, you know, convince him...'

'Don't you WANT my help?' asked Tegan irritably.

'Yes, yes, I do, said Nyssa hurriedly. 'I'm hoping I might be able to finish the project in time for Christmas...'

CHRISTMAS PAST

Jo surreptitiously fingered the parcel, trying to guess the content through its slippery silver giftwrap. One side gave gently under the pressure of her touch, but the other was stiffer, with a slight papery crackle to it.

The Doctor had said she had to wait till after dinner, but her curiosity was piqued. And it was only a little one... Before she knew what she was doing, she had stopped feeling the present and was tearing away the wrapping.

It ended with a twinge of disappointment. 'Oh,' she said to herself. 'Knickers.' Not even a colorful pair, she reflected ruefully, just plain, boring white. When it came to her underwear, Jo Grant was never one to dream of a white Christmas. For a moment she overlooked the small booklet that drifted to the floor. Then, losing interest in her new panties, she reached out and read the cover.

'Who needs an instruction manual for a pair of knickers?' she thought. All became clear when she turned the page and started to read.

A few minutes later, Jo was still reading when she heard the Doctor approaching. Swiftly she secreted the booklet up her sleeve. With the evidence concealed, he'd never know she'd snuck herself an early present.

The Doctor looked the worse for wear as he entered the room, with his frilly cuffs rolled up to his elbows. 'The turkey's in the oven, at last,' he said. 'I've spent the last hour wishing I'd decided to use the TARDIS food machine instead, but we'll really taste the difference when it's done. Now

I need to find us a suitably fine wine to...'

He broke off, staring at the floor. Jo followed his gaze. Lying there forgotten was the incriminating silver giftwrap.

'Didn't I tell you we'd open our presents AFTER our dinner?' said the Doctor sternly. Jo nodded guiltily. He picked up the torn wrapper and rubbed it between his finger and thumb. 'You really are the most disobedient traveling companion I have ever known,' he snapped. 'And you know how I deal with disobedience. You, young lady, will be eating your Christmas dinner off the TARDIS mantelpiece!'

'But, Doctor, I only took one little present a few hours early. Why are you so angry? It's not...' But before she could finish, the Doctor had swept her off her feet and across his knee. With a flick of the wrist he turned up the back of her short skirt. Her pink, rounded thighs swelled out into the fuller curves of her tightly-covered bottom, upturned, exposed and white. Despite herself, Jo let out a long sigh of relief...

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

'They're ready at last,' Nyssa proudly announced. She tossed a pair to Tegan. 'Fully tested and guaranteed effective. Intelligent lycra component so that one size fits all bottoms, completely undetectable by the Doctor, and a real boon to us!'

Tegan turned the garment over in her hand. 'I know it's the science that's really your forte,' she said, 'but did you think about making them in different colors? Every girl needs some white panties, but variety's nice too.'

'No need,' said Nyssa. 'Allow me to demonstrate.' She bent over and lifted her skirt, presenting her white pantied bottom to Tegan. The smooth surface gently brightened, resolving itself into a sunny yellow. 'I added a few threads of esper cotton to the weave.' As if by way of afterthought, the panties added a happy floral print. 'It picks up the wearer's thought patterns and modulates the fabric's color spectrum accordingly.'

'You mean you only have to think what color panties you want to be wearing, and hey presto, there you are?'

'Not quite,' said Nyssa, straightening up. 'It takes some practice, I've found. You have to concentrate on the panties, and it seems to be your mood that decides what color you get. You don't get to choose.'

'Looks like these things need an instruction manual with them,' joked Tegan.

'That's not a bad idea,' said Nyssa thoughtfully. 'The main function is

effective immediately, as you know, but some of the special features need an explanation. I'll have to draft one before I get them sent out tomorrow.'

'Sent out?'

'Oh, didn't I tell you? This is such a wonderful invention, I want to share it. The Doctor has had other companions, you know. I expect he will have others after us. They deserve to benefit too. So I'm rigging the TARDIS to send them all a Christmas present through time.'

'Santa of Traken,' smiled Tegan.

CHRISTMAS YET-TO-COME

'Everything all white?' asked the Doctor. Rose nodded. A broad smile sliced beneath his hooked nose. 'Fantastic! Let's party.' And with that they stepped out of the TARDIS into the heaving throng of galactic celebrities at the Baron Dolonga's Christmas party.

Rose gave up her wrap to the turkey-faced flunkey, smoothed down her white sheath dress and basked in the room's admiration. The Doctor didn't give her a second glance. 'I won't be long,' he said. 'Get yourself a drink. Avoid the green stuff: that's for silicon-based lifeforms. And don't let anyone creep up behind you. When I've done what we came her for, then we can have some fun.'

'I thought fun WAS what we came here for,' pouted Rose, but the Doctor was already gone.

A halfhour later, Rose was sipping her drink and flirting tipsily with a bronzed young man when she became aware of the activity around her. From the way people were stalking about, it looked as if there must be something interesting going on behind her back. She turned sharply, to see a youth with his hand raised, as if about to swat her on the bottom. The entire room erupted into laughter.

'The dance is yours, Burnathon,' said the young man she had been talking to. The youth behind her, evidently Burnathon, turned his open palm into a fist and raised it in triumph.

'What... what's going on?' asked Rose.

'So you don't know the seasonal traditions of our home planet of Logaria?' replied the young man. 'The youths select the most beautiful woman in the room, which tonight is undoubtedly yourself.' Rose giggled. 'And, to decide which one shall have the honor of the first dance with her, they take turns to attract her attention using the timehonored mating signal of a smack on her seat. The one who first receives her response takes the dance.'

Rose blushed in bewilderment. 'But I didn't feel...' Then she remembered. Her eyes narrowed. 'That may be a quaint old custom where you come from, buster, but on Earth we call it getting fresh!' she snapped angrily.

Another collective laugh rang out. Rose blushed a deeper red. Her eyes followed the onlookers' gaze down her own body. To her horror, she saw her own panties blazing scarlet through the thin white material of her dress.

'Rose!' The Doctor's voice masterfully cut the atmosphere. The laughter subsided. He strode across to her. 'What did I tell you about the dress code, the very STRICT dress code for this party?'

'Ladies to wear all white,' said Rose. 'But, Doctor, they WERE white when I put them on! I don't...'

'I also told you that nobody at the party should on any account wear the color red, which is the sole prerogative of our host, the Baron Dolonga. You have committed a gross breach of social etiquette.'

'I'll go back to the TARDIS and change,' said Rose, but her words were drowned out by a blare of trumpets on the tannoy.

'Too late,' said the Doctor with his face in his hands.

The crowd parted to admit a small, green-skinned figure dragging behind him a sack bigger than himself. Dressed as he was in his red suit trimmed with white fur, with a matching nightcap, there was only one person he could be.

'His grace the Baron Dolonga,' gobbled the flunkey.

'Ho ho ho, and a merry Christmas to you all,' said the Baron, his three eyes sweeping his assembled guests. As his glance came to Rose, the triangular grin froze behind his stuck-on white beard.

The Doctor decided to take the situation in hand before it got worse. He stepped forward and bowed. 'Your grace,' he began, 'my companion has been very foolish.' A fulsome and orotund apology followed, while Rose looked sheepishly down, unable to take her eyes off her betraying red underwear. Had she looked up, she would have seen that the rest of the room was likewise fixated. After a while she noticed with relief that the Doctor seemed to be rising to his peroration. 'You have magnanimously brought gifts for us all, but you also know that Santa not only rewards good girls but deals with naughty ones,' he said. 'Let Rose's transgression be punished here and now and then forgotten, her slate wiped clean.'

The Baron looked unconvinced. He eyed Rose, then gestured to his own three-foot frame. Not possible, he seemed to be saying. But then a look of decision crossed his face. 'Very well, Doctor...' He drew out a ceremonial sword. Rose got ready to run. 'And for the purposes of this event,' continued the Baron, 'I appoint you to the Ancient and Honourable Order of Little Santa's Helpers.' The Doctor knelt and received the customary taps on his shoulders.

'That dealt with, then?' said Rose hopefully as the Doctor strode back to her, followed by a turkey flunkey carrying an opulent chair.

'It will be, Rose, it will be.' Without further ado, he sat down and turned her across his lap. The guests gathered round.

'You can't, not in front of everyone,' protested Rose.

Ignoring her, the Doctor expertly drew her tight dress up her thighs, exposing her pneumatic bottom. The sight of her red panties made the crowd gasp and the Baron hiss an expletive. The frilled edges, untreated with Nyssa's esper cotton, remained white. Rose had not only misappropriated the Baron's personal color, but also seemed to be mocking his Santa suit.

'Now, Rose,' said the Doctor, 'this is going to hurt me more than it hurts you.'

Maybe, thought Rose to herself, but even a painless spanking was going to be unbearably embarrassing in public...

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

The Doctor was doing his Christmas cards. 'Hope you can sit down comfortably now,' he wrote. 'Behave yourself in the New Year. Love from The Doctor.' He slipped the card into its envelope, addressed it to Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, and placed it carefully onto the pile.

'That's the lot finished,' he told himself, and began to set the TARDIS controls to project the cards off on their voyage through time. A stray reading caught his eye. 'That can't be right,' he breathed. 'I haven't sent any yet.' He took a closer look. 'And nothing that size, either.'

Lights began to flash all over the TARDIS console, volunteering more and more information to his attention. There had been some very unusual activity going on aboard his ship recently, it seemed, above and beyond the recent spate of misbehavior by Tegan and Nyssa.

After a few minutes' thought, the Doctor sat down to write another batch of seasonal messages, this time addressed to his past and future selves.

CHRISTMAS PAST

Zoe felt her new panties snap snugly into place, and felt invincible. Looking over her shoulder into the mirror, she watched with admiration as the fabric taut across her bottom darkened from its original white into a rich shade of purple.

Self-satisfied, she adjusted her tiny skirt and smiled a naughty smile. Christmas mischief was on her agenda. It wouldn't be long before Jamie spotted the stockings she'd hung up. He always was so protective about his silly Highland dress! Then he'd find the sprig of holly she'd secreted in his kilt, all hell would break loose, and... oh, she couldn't wait!

A yelp echoed down the corridors of the TARDIS. That would be the holly. Then the familiar, thundering sound of an angry Highlander on the warpath. Zoe could scarcely resist giggling as Jamie tossed her over his knee. She heard the rhythmical plapping sound of his hand against her bottom, but she couldn't feel a thing. Stealing a sidelong glance into the mirror and saw herself, horizontal, panties exposed, legs a-flutter, and, just for once, feeling not in the least helpless or distressed.

Then the door opened unexpectedly. 'Just a moment, Jamie,' said the Doctor.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Nyssa was getting a good talking-to. Sending out all those presents hadn't been such a good idea after all, she thought. Now the Doctor was being his usual prickly self about unauthorized use of the time controls.

'And then,' he said, 'there is the little matter of what's been going on in the Clothes Synthesizer.'

Nyssa gasped guiltily. 'How did you know?'

'My TARDIS can be quite a snitch when she wants to be. And it didn't take long to work out what you'd been making. And why you made so many of them. Do you know what chaos you could have unleashed across the time-space continuum if you'd succeeded?'

'But, Doctor...' began Nyssa, but the Doctor wasn't yielding.

'And now I know why you and Tegan have been behaving so badly of late. Not enough discipline in the TARDIS.' Nyssa jumped as he smacked his hands loudly together. 'How many times did you run those tests?'

'Thirteen,' stammered Nyssa. 'And twenty-two for Tegan. All 100% successful,' she added with an unwise note of pride.

'So two good spankings a day will clear your debt within the week,' said the Doctor. 'I'll be talking to Tegan later, but you and I can make a start now. Come here.'

Nyssa felt mystified as the Doctor took her across his knee and lifted her colorful skirt. Her panties decorated themselves with a crisscross pattern of question marks that seemed to be vaulting over the upturned curves of her bottom. Had the Doctor really been admonishing her for what she'd actually done, she wondered?

Then her eyes widened in panic as she felt the Doctor's finger hook into the waistband of her panties, felt the cool air on the skin of her bottom, and realized, far too late, the one fatal flaw in her brilliant scheme.

CHRISTMAS YET-TO-COME

The Doctor opened the card. 'Happy holidays from your fifth incarnation,' he read. His nostrils flared in contempt at the memory of the effete fellow he once was, but he read on anyway.

Minutes later, knowing everything, he stalked into the console room. 'Destroy if unopened, otherwise take appropriate measures,' his other self had advised. His suspicious eyes covered the foot of the Christmas tree and moved swiftly on to the giftwrap scattered on the floor. There it was, the silver paper with the distinctive, slightly slippery surface caused by the molecular excitation of travel through the time vortex. Prima facie evidence of guilt!

Peri gulped. She knew that look. She backed away, hoping to reach the door, but the Doctor was too quick for her. A patchwork arm snaked out and he had her by the wrist. It was the work of a moment to put her across his knee.

'This time,' said the Doctor, 'we'll have justice meted out with no protection whatsoever.'

'But, Doctor, what have I done?' squealed Peri, but her question ended in a wail as the Doctor effortlessly flipped up her skirt. Suddenly her polkadot panties were around her knees, limiting her ability to kick and struggle. For five minutes she lay there howling with her pretty bottom bare and turning redder with every slap the Doctor gave.

At last the spanking was done. With another quick movement, the Doctor pulled her crumpled panties from her knees to her ankles and off, then set her upright on uncertain feet. He strode across to the console and lifted a lid. 'Straight into the incinerator with these,' he said. 'And now you'll probably want to go to your room for another pair.'

'No need to, Doctor,' said Peri ruefully. 'I have some here. The lucky ones you gave me for Christmas, remember, with that joke users' guide all about how they'd protect me from a spanking. They don't seem to have worked very well, do they?'